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### IN THE LONG RUN.

In the long run fame finds the deserving; many
The lucky weight may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van.
And vain pretense, unnoticed, goes its way.
There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
But fortune smiles on those who work and wait,
In the long run.

In the long run all godly sorrow pays,
There is no better thing than righteous pain;
The sleepless nights, the awful-crowned days
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend
In the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known;
The eye of truth will penetrate the night,
And, good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light.
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed for years and stand confessed
In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth,
The great eternal government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its worth.
Give of love freely; do not count the cost;
And, dutiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

### A Mountain Picnic.

HOW THE CHIEF MOURNER ENJOYED HIMSELF AND MADE MATTERS PLEASANT FOR THE LADIES.

I had the pleasure once of acting as chief mourner at a mountain picnic. This subject has been pretty well represented in song and romance already, but I venture to give my experience as being a little out of the ordinary. The joy which is experienced in the glad, free life of the picnicker is always before the picnic. On the evening before he makes the excursion he is too full of sacred pleasure and lavender colored tranquility for anything. He glides about the house softly warbling to himself the fragment of some tender love song while he packs the corkscrews and matches and other vegetables for the morrow.

I was placed in command of a party of ladies, who had everything arranged so that all I needed to do was to get into the buggy and drive to the mountains, eat my lunch and drive back again. I like to go with a party of ladies, because they never make suggestions about the route or how to drive. They are just as full of gentle trust and childlike confidence and questions as they can be. They get the lunch ready, and get into the buggy and keep thinking of things they have forgotten till they get 400 miles from the home, and they sing little pieces of old songs, and won't let the great horrid man in charge of the excursion have any lunch when he gets hungry because they were hunting for a magnificent spot beneath the boughs of a magnificent elm, when every sane man in the territory knows there isn't an elm, big or little, within 1,432½ miles.

We went up in the mountains, because we wanted to go where it would be cool. As a search for cool resort, this picnic of ours was the most brilliant success. We kept going up at an angle of forty-five degrees from the time we left home until we had to get out and walk to keep warm. We got into one of the upper strata of clouds, and a cold mist mixed with fragments of ice cream and large chunks of hail and misery about the size of a burglar-proof safe came gathering over us. Then we camped in the midst of the mountain storm, and the various ladies sat down on their feet and put the lap robes over them and looked reproachfully at me. We hovered around under the buggy and two or three little, half-grown parasols, and watched the storm. It was a glorious spectacle to a thinking mind. They began to abuse me because I did not make a circus of myself and thus drive away the despair and misery of the occasion. They had brought me along it seemed, because I was such an amusing little cuss. It made me a good deal sadder than I would have been otherwise. Here in the midst of a wild and bitter mountain storm, so thick that you couldn't see twenty yards away, with nothing to eat but marble cake soaked in vinegar and a piece of cold tongue with a red ant on it, I was expected to make a hippodrome and negro minstrel of myself. I burst into tears and tried to wring my feet as the ladies did. I couldn't do it so simultaneously and so extemporaneously, as it were, as they could. I had to take them by sections and sit on them. My feet are not large, but at the same time I cannot hover over them at the same

By and by, when we concluded that we had seen about all the mountain storm we needed in our business, and didn't pine for any more hailstones and dampness, we hitched up again and started home. Then we got lost. The ladies felt indignant and I was delighted. I never was so lost in all my life. When I was asked where I thought I was, I could cheerfully reply that I didn't know, and that would stop the conversation for as much as two minutes.

The beauty of being lost is that you are all the time seeing new objects. There is a charm of novelty about being lost that one does not fully understand until he has been there, so to speak. When I would say that I didn't know where the road led to that we were traveling, one of the party would suggest, with mingled bitterness and regret, that we had better turn back. I turned back seventeen times at the request of various members of the party, for whom I had and still have the most unbounded respect. Finally we got so accustomed to the various objects along this line of travel that we pined for a change. Then we drove ahead a little farther and found the road. It had been there all the time. It is there yet.

I never had so much fun in all my life. It don't take much to please me, however I am of a cheerful disposition, anyhow. Some of the ladies brought home columbines that had been drowned; others brought home beautiful green mosses with red bugs in them, and others brought home lichens, and ferns, and neuralgia. I didn't bring anything home. I was glad to get home and know that I was all there.

I took the lunch basket and examined it. It looked sick and unhappy. At first I thought I would pick the red ants out of the lunch; then it would save time to pick the lunch out of the red ants; but finally I thought I would compromise by throwing the whole thing into the alley. I am now preparing a work to be called the "Pick Nicker's Guide; or Starvation Made Easy and Even Desirable." It will supply a want long felt, and will be within the reach of all.

Dear reader, did you ever sit amidst the silence and solitude of the mountains and feel the hail stones rolling down your back, melting and soothing you, and filling your heart with great surging thoughts of the sweet by and by, and death, and the grave, and other mirth-provoking topics? We had now been about two hundred years without food, it seemed to me, and I mildly suggested that I would like something to eat rather than to die of starvation in the midst of plenty, but the ladies wouldn't give me so much as a ham sandwich to preserve my life. They told me to smoke if I must have nourishment, and coldly refused to let me sample the pickled spiders and cold-pressed flies. So, in the midst of all this prepared food, I had to go out into the sagebrush and eat raw grasshoppers and prickly pears.

### Popular Science Notes.

As an article of human food and diet, the Chinese consider the use of cow's milk unnatural and immoral, and prohibit its use in that country.

A steam digging machine has been invented and successfully used in England, in breaking ground for grain. The machine digs the earth at the rate of ten acres per day, leaving the soil in a better condition than when stirred by a plow.

Some of the most learned scientists in the land are of the opinion that the Polar regions at one time possessed a tropical temperature and were the original home of man, and combat the ordinary theory that the Aryan race of mankind originated in the Pamir highlands of Central Asia, spreading thence into Europe and India.

On the subject of "Infanticide among Ancient and Modern nations," Dr. Carl Hoberland, an eminent scientist who has given much attention to the matter, traces the origin of this custom to the difficulty of subsistence, the sacrifice being in the outset urged by the male parent and opposed or reluctantly submitted to by the mother. Among lower animals parallel cases are of frequent occurrence, where the young are often destroyed by the male and are defended against him and concealed by the mother.

A Missouri hailstorm, which occurred in Warren county, July 1st 1880, is thus described: The stones were of various sizes, ranging from the size of walnuts up to blocks of ice 10½ inches long and five inches wide and one-half inch thick, and fell to a depth of six inches on a level, over forty square miles of territory. The damage was necessarily great, the crops being totally destroyed, and many fowls, sheep and hogs were killed outright. The ice smashed not only windows, but sashes and blinds, and so injured most of the roofs of houses in the path of the storm, that new ones had to be put on.

A public laboratory for the analysis of chemicals and patent medicines has been established in Japan, and a patent medicine or mixture can not be sold in that country until after it has been thoroughly tested and pronouced of merit at such laboratory. Should such an institute be established and a similar law enacted in this country, no doubt but a very large portion of the worthless and injurious so-called remedies and mixtures which flood the United States at the present time would justly be buried so deep that they would never again rise to the surface.

The *Manufacturer and Builder*, a most excellent scientific journal, published in New York, is authority for the statement that printing was first introduced in America by the Spanish Viceroy Mendoza, at the city of Mexico, in the year 1536; and the first book published is believed to have had the title "Escala Espiritual de San Juan Climaco." No copies of this work are known to exist at present, and the name of the printer is a matter of doubt. In what is now the United States, Cambridge, Massachusetts, has the honor of having first introduced the printing press. Stephen Daye was the first American printer, and his book was the "Bay Psalm Book," issued in 1540. The first newspaper was issued at Boston, by John Campbell, on Monday, April 24th, 1704. It was called the "Boston News-Letter," and was regularly published for about seventy years.

### The Origin of Ghosts.

On the appreciation of the simple fact that the brain is the true seat of the senses rests the whole explanation of the ghosts and apparations which occasionally attend the footsteps and meet the eyes of humanity. When we are conscious of looking at a real object, a sensation of sight is formed in the brain, as we have seen. Such a sensation we call an "objective" one, because it is derived from a veritable object whose existence, even when unseen, we entertain no doubt; the sensation of sound is then called "subjective." But there are many familiar instances in which the power of the mind to reproduce the sensations, sights and sounds we have received is demonstrated. The day-dreamer can sometimes bring the scenes in which he has once taken part so vividly before his mental gaze that his reverie may actually be broken by the words which unconsciously flow from his lips as his imagination starts into bodily action. Such a power of fancy and imagination is the beginning or faint imitation of a still more powerful means which we possess to bring before ourselves the forms and scenes which have once been objectively present with us. In the dream this power is illustrated typically enough. From the background of consciousness, so to speak, we project forward, in our sleep, the pictures which a busy brain is reproducing, or it may be piecing together from the odds and ends of its fancy to form the ludicrous combinations we are familiar with in the "Land of No." And if we carry the idea of this same power being exercised in our waking moments, to form the ghosts of science, the explanation of the otherwise curious and mysterious subject of illusive visions will be complete.

This is an easy way of detecting the purity or adulteration of a sample of wine. Dip a small sponge into the wine to be tested. Place the sponge then in a saucer, the bottom of which is covered with a small quantity of water. If the wine is pure, it will take from a quarter to half an hour before the water in the saucer becomes colored, but if the wine is not pure, the coloring of the water takes place immediately.

### Pulque—The Mexican National Drink.

In a letter from Mexico to the New York *Sun*, the writer says: "This liquid is distilled from the maguey plant. It has a disagreeable smell and taste, but no description can possibly convey an adequate idea of its hurtful effects upon the prosperity of the country. In the first place, the most fertile and productive lands of the upper plain of Mexico are altogether given up to the production of the maguey plant. And when it is remembered that a maguey takes often years to come to perfection, and that very little attention is required in the mean time, it will be evident the employment this species of agriculture gives to the laboring class is far below that required for the cultivation of any kind of grain. Yet it is by this very class of persons that pulque is most drank, and consequently the reals of the workingman find their way into the pockets of the rich owners of haciendas who spend their profits in Paris or Brussels, while the working people receive no substantial benefit from the principal agricultural pursuit of the country. Besides, the effect of pulque drinking is horribly enervating and demoralizing. Taken in moderation it is an excellent tonic to the stomach, and Queen Victoria is said to be in the habit of drinking it for this reason; but taken in excess the effect is fearful, as it produces the worst kind of intoxication. I have never seen so many drunken people as in the city of Mexico, where the "pulquerias" are more frequent than gin palaces in London, or gin mills in the Bowery. A pulque drunk lasts about twenty-four hours, and as one plant produces every day about four quarts, just about enough to intoxicate a pulque drinker, and this plant lasts for six months or more, the owner of a small plot of ground can remain half drunk, as indeed many of them do, for many years. The enormous amount of liquor that is consumed yearly can be estimated from the fact that in the city of Mexico alone the consumption is at the rate of a pint a day for every inhabitant, and that a special pulque train runs twice a day between Apam, a village in the heart of the maguey district, and Mexico city, the freight from pulque on each train amounting to seven hundred and eight hundred dollars.

The maguey yields another liquor, which is not so deleterious in its effects as a drink or as an object of labor as is pulque. This is the vino mezeal, which is a species of brandy distilled from the juice of the maguey; and is not unlike Jamaica rum. It is manufactured in large quantities at Apam, where the dry and cold temperature of the great Mexican plain produces the maguey in its highest perfection. At Tequila, a little town in the state of Jalisco, to the north of Guadalajara, a very superior kind of mezeal is manufactured, which takes its name from the town, and is really a very palatable beverage. But I am convinced, in spite of the usefulness of the maguey, supplying as it does, fruit, drink, yam hemp, paper, needles and brushes, that it is one of the banes of this favored land."

### Maternal Intervention.

In one of the public schools in San Francisco, a youth bubbling over with high spirits, violated a long established rule, and was summoned to the bar of judgment. With many sobs and tears he confessed the soft impeachment. "Have your mother call to-morrow," the teacher remarked, with awful and ominous significance. His maternal ancestor appeared on the following day, and, after being duly and publicly informed of the flagrant breach of discipline her son had been guilty of, was requested to say if she would punish him herself or have the teacher attend to the matter. She preferred the latter course, and urged that the blows be well laid on. The next day was appointed for the flagellation. At the usual hour for such unpleasant affairs the youth was summoned to the front. He came with a hang-dog look and some trepidation. An oration on youthful frivolities having been duly delivered, the boy was ordered to extend his hand beneath an upraised ruler. He refused, and, in accordance with the usual custom in such cases, was spread across the teacher's knees, and the punishment administered in another quarter from the one originally intended. For some unexplainable reason the most energetic blows fell without the desired effect. A consultation of male teachers ensued, and the offender was conducted to a private room, and his wardrobe subjected to a rigid examination. On the interior of his bifurcated garment, at a locality of great strategical importance in such an emergency, was a thick flannel baby's frock securely attached. "Who sewed that on?" demanded the principal, in a voice of thunder. "My mother," answered the boy, with broken sobs. The teachers hurriedly consulted again, instructed the boy never to reveal the circumstance, and sent him to his studies. Somehow the matter leaked out.

### Cold Feet.

What a common complaint this is, says the *Family Physician*, and yet no one seems to know anything about it. You suffer from it for years, and yet you don't go to a doctor, or if you do you derive very little benefit from his advice. Some people suffer from it at night only, while others are troubled with it in the day time as well. It occurs most frequently in women, but still you often hear men complain of it. We believe that the best remedy is hyphosphite of lime in one or two grain doses twice a day. This is soluble in water, and should be taken in the form of a mixture, nothing else being put with it, with the exception, if you like, of a teaspoonful of sirup, to make it more palatable, although it is really by no means disagreeable by itself. Another good remedy is nux vomica—five drops of the tincture in a little water three or four times a day. It is highly recommended, and you may hope for great things from it. Then you must do all you possibly can to improve the state of your general health. It is probable that you are below par somehow or other, although we must admit that it does not follow of necessity. If you feel generally out of sorts, and your appetite is poor, quinine will do you good. If you are pale and anæmic, you must put your faith in iron. Parrish's chemical food often does good. Cod-liver oil is an excellent remedy for improving the general nutrition; many people feel quite in a glow after each dose.

### My Strange Tenants.

Early last Spring I built a very neat little cottage, some distance from the road, and hoped that a good tenant would appear and rent it. It was frame, of course, two stories high, and painted in white and green. There was a snug lattice porch in front, and, what particulaly pleased me, a highly burnished weather-vane, that the least breath of wind sent flying around in a dizzy way. It was some time before any one took notice of this inviting home, and I began to fear that I had not been wise in building.

Then, for a few days, the cottage attracted considerable attention, and to pass it was to discover one or more strangers standing near, in undoubted admiration. This pleased me; but, on seeing one old fellow setting on the fence who was known not to be a pleasant neighbor, I almost wished the cottage had never been built. But when he called something saucy after me, I decided that he shouldn't be my tenant, on any account. I am sure now if he had not been eyeing my cottage so much that I should have secured a tenant without trouble, but others preferred to take cottages elsewhere rather than cross him, because of his ill-reputation. But it was still meaner that he did not really want the cottage, as I afterward learned—it being altogether too small for his family.

Half the Spring was gone, and still no tenant appeared; but one morning I thought I noticed some one on the porch and, on going nearer, was surprised to see a gentleman standing there. He did not appear in the least abashed when he saw me, but eyed me as if to say:

"What might you wish with me, sir?"

Directly he was joined by a lady, who afterwards proved to be his wife, and they both looked at me as though they regarded my presence an intrusion upon their privacy. This behavior so astonished me that before I had a mind to speak they both quickly entered the cottage and passed out of sight.

In time I was much more pleased with the appearance of this couple than with their independent way of taking possession of my property. They seemed quiet, inoffensive, and kept house with great neatness as far as could be seen. I made some inquiries of my old neighbors, but no one appeard to have the slightest knowledge of them. No one had seen them moving in; no one knew whence they came. The village storekeepers were not richer from having sold them a penny's worth of either provisions or apparel, even after they had been a month or more among us. Neither did they ever receive as much as a sirgle letter or paper through our post office. Apparently, the gentleman had no business. He spent a large part of his time wandering about the fields and woods, occasionally accompanied by his wife. But, however they did live, they were always plump of body, seemingly happy and well-clothed. Early one morning, upon going down to the bottom of my garden to look after some late cherries that had been disappearing in an unaccountable way, I was indignant to find my unknown tenant sitting upon the fence under the tree. He was eating my fruit from a low branch, and with great apparent enjoyment. At once I began to scold him roundly for making so free with my cherries—late cherries, too; but he only gave me a saucy stare, and then went on eating his bunch of fruit without paying the slightest attention to me. Finishing them, he gave a wink, and went off towards the cottage, whistling in the most mocking manner. It was provoking to have one's cottage taken possession of without as much as, "With your leave;" but to have those very squatters come to my garden and impudently feast upon my choice fruit, was certainly adding insult to injury.

After dinner, Aunt Mary reported that, "that fellow" as she called my tenant, had been helping hismelf to the strawberries.

My strawberries!

This was altogether too much to bear quietly, and at once I put on my hat and went down to the cottage. On drawing near, I noticed that there was a considerable commotion on the porch, caused by the wife bringing out a couple of her little children, though I never knew before that they had any. The children, who seemed to be twins, were just able to stand, and winked their tiny eyes in the warm sunshine, as the father fed them some bits of strawberries—mine no doubt. The young couple nodded their heads with cool ease and cheerfulness, and called upon me to admire those wonderful children; just as if we had been always the best of friends. They made me laugh in spite of myself—I couldn't stay angry a moment—and, before returning to the house, I actually invited them to help themselves to my berries. It's a fact; but then it must have been the children that caused me to forgive their papa.

Several weeks after, toward evening, I heard the sweetest vocal music in my front yard, and, looking out, discovered my strange tenants and their children giving me a concert. I was delighted with their voices, but, on going out to offer them some refreshments, they scampered off toward the cottage. I hoped to enjoy much more of their music, but the next morning Aunt Mary unfeelingly said:

"You won't be troubled any longer with those birds; they all flew away this morning."

HOME-MADE COURT PLASTER.—Soak isinglass in a little warm water for seventy-four hours; then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat; dissolve the residue in a little dilute alcohol, and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cold. Now stretch a piece of silk or sarcenet on a wooden frame, and fix it tight with tacks or pack thread. Melt the jelly and apply it to the silk thinly and evenly with a badger hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, apply over the whole surface two or three coatings of the balsam of Peru. Plaster thus made is very pliable, and never breaks.

The Chinese army is variously estimated, some placing it as low as 30,000 men, while other accounts raise it to 200,000 men already in the field. Some critics, who profess to speak from personal knowledge, praise highly of the efficiency of the celestial battalions, which, with very few exceptions, have for field officers military experts who learnt the trade of war in the armies of England and France, the system of organization and tactics being that existing in the armies of the republic.

### Husband Spoopendyke.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, cheerfully, "be lively. It's twenty minutes past 10, and we musn't be late at church. Most ready?"

"Yes, dear," beamed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I'm all ready. Got everything?"

"I think so. Hymn-book, umbrella, and—where's the prayer-book? I haven't got the prayer-book."

"Where did you leave it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, turning over the volumes on the table hurriedly.

"If I knew where I left it, I'd strut to that spot and get it," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I left it with you. Where did you put it? Can't you remember what you do with things?"

"I haven't seen it since last Sunday," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, faintly. "I know," she continued, "perhaps it is at church."

"Perhaps it is," mimicked Mr. Spoopendyke; "perhaps it got up early, took a bath and went ahead of us. Did you ever see a prayer-book prowl off to church all alone? Ever see a prayer-book h'ist up its skirts and strike out for the sanctuary without an escort? S'pose a prayer-book knows the difference between a church and a ham sandwich? Where did you put it?"

"I mean, you may have left it in the pew rack. You know you did once," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"I don't do anything of the sort. I brought it home and gave it to you. Where do you keep it? What did you do with it? S'pose I'm going to swash around through that service without knowing whether they are doing the apostles' creed or an act of Congress? Spring around and find it, can't you? What are you looking there for? Don't you know the difference between a prayer-book and the Wandering Jew? Find it, can't you?

"Never mind it, dear," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke; "I know all the responses, and I'll help you along."

"Oh, yes, you know 'em all. What you don't know about religion wouldn't wad a gun. All you want is a bell and a board fence to be a theological seminary. Think you can't find that prayer-book between now and the equinoctial?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Got any idea whether you sold the measly thing for china vases or stirred it into the wheat cakes? Have I been chawing divine grace all the morning? Where's that prayer-book? Going to gee it before the Revelations come to pass?" and Mr. Spoopendyke plunged around the room, tumbling books about breathing heavily.

"I don't see any use of making such a fuss over a thing you don't really need," sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke through her indignant tears.

"Oh, you don't," raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't see any use of putting things where they belong, do you? How d'ye s'pose I'm going to keep up with religion without a prayer-book? How d'ye s'pose I'm going to know when it's my turn to show what Christianity has done for me unless you can find that dod gasted book between now and the resurrection?" and Mr. Spoopendyke spun around on his knee like a top, and knocked over a Parisian jar.

"Wait a minute, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking at him earnestly. Then she went behind him and fished out the prayer-book.

"Got it, didn't you," he growled. "Had it all the time, I s'pose. Where was it, anyway?"

"In your coat tail pocket, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke jabbed the powder puff in her eyes, and stalked down stairs, leaving her liege to follow.

### The Horse in England.

The Egyptians mummied all sorts of sacred beasts, including bulls, cats and crocodiles. If Englishmen should ever take to embalming beasts, I am sure that, notwithstanding the national name and the place which roast beef holds in English song and story, they would pass by the bull and swathe the defunct horse in muslin and spices. For if the horse be not a god in England, at least the culture of the horse is a sort of religion. There are tens of thousands of English gentlemen who have horse on their minds during the greater part of their waking hours. The condition of the animals; their grooming; the cut of their tails and manes; the way in which they stand or step or stride; the fashion of their harness; the build, the look, the dress of coachman and groom; these are matters to them of deep concern, or uneasy anxiety. And this is so not once a year, or once a quarter, or once a month, but every day, and two or three times a day—every time, indeed, that they ride or drive. Nor do I mean only those who are called "horsey" men, gentle drivers of mail coaches and the like, who are grooms in everything except taking wages, and some of whom, I was told, will carry their coachmanship so far as to take their "tip." Apart from these there is a very large class to whom the perfection in the minutest point of their equestrian "turnout" is a question of the major morals. When one of this class feels sure that his horse, "trap" and groom will bear the criticism of friends and rivals, the ineffable air of solemn self-sufficiency with which he sits the saddle or the box is at once amusing and pitiable. These men criticise each other's dress, as pedants criticise each other's scholarship. Indeed, in England there is a pedantry of the stable.—*Richard Grant White in the Atlantic.*

—An actress in Paris sent word that she could not play on account of the death of her mother. A day or two afterwards, the manager met her dressed in flaming colors. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "how's this? not in mourning?—"It's not the custom to wear mourning for distant relatives."—"And you call your mother so?"—"Oh, yes, she is in America."

SUNDAY IN NEW MEXICO.—It is interesting to learn that there is probably not a country in all this broad land where Sunday laws are so stringent, so rigidly enforced, or so universally obeyed, as in New Mexico. The Mexicans predominate in the population ten to one, and their religion is imperative in its prohibition of work, or play either, on Sunday. The majority of the Americans have to fall in with the prevailing custom, and the result is that Santa Fe is said to keep Sunday more strictly than any other American city.

### The Expansive Power of Water.

It is a well known, but not the less remarkable, fact that if the tip of an exceedingly small tube be dipped into water, the water will rise spontaneously in the tube throughout its entire length. This, may be shown in a variety of ways; for instance, when a piece of sponge or sugar, or cotton is just allowed to touch water, these substances being composed of numless little tubes, draw up the water, and the whole becomes wet. It is said to *suck up* or *imbibe* the moisture. We see the same wonderful action going on in nature in the rising of the sap through the small tubes or pores of the wood, whereby the leaves and upper portions of the plant derive nourishment from the ground.

This strange action is called "capillary," from the resemblance the minute tubes bear to a hair, the Latin of which is *capillus*. It is, moreover, singular that the absorption of the water takes place with great force. If a dry sponge be enclosed tightly in a vessel, it will expand when wette with sufficient force to burst it, unless very strong.

Wood, which is a more unyielding material, acts with tremendous force when wetted, and advantage has been taken of this fact in spliting blocks of granite. This process is largely adopted in Dartmoor.

After a mass of granite has been rent from the mountain by blasting, it is measured in every direction to see how best to divide it into smaller blocks. These are traced out by straight lines on the surface, and a series of holes are drilled at short intervals along this line. Wedges of dry wood are then tightly driven into the holes and wetted, and the combined action of the swelling wood splits the block in the direction required, and without any destructive violence. The same process is then carried out upon the other faces, and the roughly-shapen block finished with the hammer and chisel.

### Sunday in Leadville.

On Sunday in Leadville nearly every store is open. It is the day with places of amusement; the smoke of the smelters perfumes the ambient air a little more villianously than usual, if possible, and the streets are crowded. The church bells gather many worshippers, but they are not missed from the thronged streets. The miners come in from all directions, from shafts and tunnels and prospect holes, swarming in the streets, crowding the corners, filling the bars of numerous saloons with a coming tide of humanity. Many come to buy their weekly supplies at the stores, whose clerks know no holy Sabbath rest; others come to talk over their strikes and finds, or to bring in their samples for testing. Crowds throng the more than a hundred gambling dens, from whose wide open doors the sound of piano, violin and flute mingle with the shrill voice of the dealer at the faro-table, calling, "Make your bets gentlemen," and the curses and vulgarity of the players taint the sacred Sabbath air. The gambling-house knows no Sunday, and though the law of Colorado expressly prohibits the opening of drinking or gambling houses on the Sabbath day, it is as dead as though it had never cumbered the leaves of the statute books, and the police stand idly by watching its violation. Blear-eyed and bloated debanchees, in whose lives honor decency and manhood have long since died, bandy ribald jests with the lost characters who carry the liquor to the tables. Thieves and pickpockets, watching with keen eyes for the victim and opportunity, mingle with bustling crowds and jostle you as you pass.—*Chicago Times.*

### The Mystery of Memory.

The mystery of memory lies in the apparent immediateness of the mind's contact with the vanished. In "looking back" on our life we seem to ourselves for the moment to rise above limitations of time, undo its work of extinction, seizing again the realities which its rushing stream had borne far from us. Memory is a kind of resurrection of the buried past; as we retrospectively glance on it, it appears to start anew into life; forms arise within our minds which, we feel, faithfully represent the things that were. We do not ask for any proof of the fidelity of this dramatic representation of our past history by memory. It is seen to be a faithful imitation, just because it is a rival of the past. To seek to make the immediate testimony of memory more sure seems absurd, since all our ways of describing and illustrating this mental operation assume that in the very act of performing it we do recover a part of our "dead selves." To challenge the veracity of a person's memory is one of the boldest things one can do in the way of attacking deep-seated conviction. Memory is the peculiar domain of the individual. In going back in recollection to the scenes of other years, he is drawing on the secret store-house of consciousness, with which a stranger must not intermeddle. Philosophers commonly distinguish memory as a mediate knowledge of something not present. Yet the people are wont to feel just as certain of one as the other. Indeed it may almost be said that a man more easily brooks a critical investigation of an act of perception than an act of recollection.

### Chiccory In Coffee.

To detect the presence of chiccory in coffee, says Prunier, the microscopic examination is the best; but as this is not always possible, the following method may be employed: The coffee is spread on a sheet of white paper. The grains of coffee then present an angular appearance, while the chiccory presents an amorphous appearance, and is of a darker color. When the suspected grains are picked out with a needle, the coffee grains will jump away or are split by it, but the chiccory grains, being softer, are easily punctured. The softer grains when crushed carefully between the teeth produce a gritty sensation like fine sand. If chiccory is present its flavor is more of an acid bitter than the aromatic bitter taste of coffee. Chiccory in coffee may thus be roughly estimated: About two grammes of dried ground coffee are sifted in a hair sieve from the fine dust which consists of pure coffee; the larger grains are macerated for some hours with cold water, and then thrown on a piece of stretched cloth and rubbed with the fingers, when the chiccory is forced through, leaving the coffee grains on the cloth. The coffee is then collected, dried and weighed. The loss of weight gives the weight of the chiccory

# The People's Advocate

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C. A. LEMAR,

Business Manager and Financial Ag't

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## *PRESIDENT ARTHUR.*

When the lamented Garfield was taken off by the hand of the villain Guiteau, the country was in a state of great excitement. Aside from the consternation consequent upon the violent taking off of the President, the people were speculating as to how the presidential functians would be performed by the Vice President. The Republi can party was torn to pieces by factions. Antagonisms seemed uncompromising. The prospects of party success seemed gloomy, Half-Breedism and Stalwartism constituted the canker-worms whtch threatened party disintegration. There has been no period in the history of the Republican party at which time there was greater cause for alarm than that which immediately followed the sickness and death of Garfield. President Arthur was called to the helm of the sinking ship, and by wisdom and sagacity, by harmonious co-operation, by a policy of mild conciliation, has brought the party into that accord which commends it to the support of all republicans. Factional lines have vanished, the isms of a few months ago have given place to an abiding faith in the recuperative force of the Republican party, the correctness of republican administration and republican principles. As a leader, President Arthur manifests a wonderful capacity, and should the convention, which will meet in June, choose him as their standard-bearer, his election would be assured and the time-honored respectability of the party would be well sustained, and THE ADVOCATE will do its duty.

## *BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH.*

We have had occasion heretofore to speak of a class of republicans whose friendship for the colored consists in the bare *expression* of a *sentiment* in favor of their advancement, material and otherwise, without ever putting that sentiment in such shape as to make it beneficial to the colored people. They seem to possess a vague philosophy which they apply with surprising readiness when considering the claims of colored people. They *say* everything, but never *do* anything. We are happy to say that Benjamin Butterworth is an exception to this class. He hails from the best Quaker stock of Ohio, and has evinced from early childhood a disposition to *do* something toward elevating the colored people. We regret that Mr. Butterworth is no longer in Congress, but sincerely hope that in his present position he may manifest the same willingness to assist the colored people which has heretofore characterized him.

We understand that Mr. E. Warren Hall has been agitating the idea of starting a laundry by colored people, and has been interviewing some prominent men, Hon. Frederick Douglass and Register Bruce among the number. We think Mr. Hall is on the right track, and that these gentlemen, whatever they may think of Mr. Hall, would do as good service in promoting the welfare of the race by lending their efforts in this direction as they would in presiding over a convention or a banquet.

To-night the residents here from North Carolina, tender a banquet to the Hon. James E. O'Hara. The honor is fully deserved. The people here without regard to section would have gladly united with these gentlemen in honoring the only representative of 6,000,000 in Congress.

## WASHING AND IRONING.

The masses of the colored people of this city are common laborers, that is, they support themselves and those dependent on them by manual labor. With us as a race the women are more accustomed to share in the burdens of a family than any other class of population. It is also too true that many women have the entire care of the family on them, while husbands are given to performing odd jobs or absolutely doing nothing.

Washing and ironing is the kind of work which the masses of our women have found to be both abundant and exceedingly profitable in spite of its laborious character. Besides the comfortable support of families, many homes have been bought and paid for out of the profits of this labor.

This labor, the honorable nature of which no one disputes, should be held on to as an avocation as much as any other kind of work both honorable and lucrative. The time was when colored women had a monopoly of this work, when nobody else could do it without descending the social state. This is no longer true. White men and women now engage in it, but they do not "take in washing and ironing"—they only keep a laundry; and the Chinaman in our larger towns and cities has most successfully entered the field, both of these classes, in many instances, employing colored help to do the hard parts of the work. To such an extent has this gone that, unless a change is made in the near future, the time is not distant when the colored people will be pushed out of this work as in many sections they have been put out of other employments.

We call the attention of the masses of the colored people of this community, and those who go in and out among them, to this state of things, and advise them to protect their interests by improving the manner of carrying on their business; by combining and conducting a regular laundry business with all the improved machinery of modern methods; by not depending on the work coming to them as now, but by having offices, at least, in the business section of the city soliciting and competing for this work.

There is no reason why this should not be. If the laundry business can pay white men and women to conduct it, on the plan referred to; if the almond-eyed citizen is willing to expatriate himself and endure the abuse which grows out of race-hatred intensified by an opposite civilization and a different religion, the Negro, who has hitherto monopolized the work of washing and ironing, can at least enter upon the laundry business with equal opportunities for success.

The New York *Globe* says that as it is the interest of the colored agriculturists who form the majority of the race to have free trade, we should be free traders. But the agriculturists see it in a somewhat different light. The colored planters of Louisiana join with the whites in declaring that the present tariff on sugar must be maintained or that interest will be ruined.

In the death of Mrs. Valeria G. Stone at Malden, Mass., last Tuesday, the cause of higher education—especially for the freedmen, lost a staunch friend. She gave to colleges and schools for girls over $400,000; $125,000 of which was far the schools of the American Missionary Assciation in the south.

Step by step the Virginia Bourbons are carrying out their programme. They have unseated some and refused to seat others duly elected, until they have a two thirds vote.

TERRA, safely ensconced within the precincts of the National Capital, has declared himself on the policy of colored people going to the west in colonies. We reproduce his views. We do not know whether he speaks from experience or from theory; but we do know that there is a Nicodemus colony in Kansas, of five or six years standing, which is a success. State Auditor McCabe is one result of it. Our Nebraska correspondent, who has lived in the far west for several years, gives his views on the same question.

While we can see no objection to colored people accepting government land and locating homesteads thereon, yet we do see quite serious objections to Negroes colonizing in large numbers in any portion of the country; no exodus movement of the above kind can ever be productive of good results.—*Terra in the Hub.*

## NEW COLORED JOURNALS.

Several candidates for public favor have recently entered the field. Among them we note the *Weekly Pilot* of Atlanta, Ga. We can assure our readers and our contemporaries generally, that *The Pilot* is likely to take at once a very front rank in journalism, and be the leading paper not only in Georgia, but in the Gulf states, for the south, in fact, the race has no brainier, no more widely read, no more modest man than its editor, Eugene R. Belcher. Success to *The Pilot.*

The *Southern Tribune* of Petersburg Va., makes a decidedly clever appearance. It is well edited; its correspondence is full, from all the principal sections of the State as well as from points beyond. It is also neatly printed. Once Virginia was behind in its number of representative colored journals; but to-day with the *Herald*, the *Planet* and the *Tribune* to cooperate with the pioneer. The Virginia *Star*, Virginians in and out of the State can be proud of the fact that in this most significant evidence of the progress of the race, the Old Dominion is not a whit behind the chief.

## MERELY EXPLANATORY.

In the allusion under the head of "Bethel Literary" last week to "the original Alfro American," reference was made to Mr. E. J. Waring, who invented the phrase and afterwards started a paper by the same name. There is still a paper by the same name, an evidence of the popularity of the term. Very strangely Mr. W. judged that the reference was not courteous, and imagining it to be the culmination of "slights" long kept up, wrote a note cancelling his engagement at Bethel Literary Tuesday night.

He subsequently agreed to read *provided* Mr. Smith would promise that the ADVOCATE in this issue would not review his paper. On Tuesday afternoon he became ill and could not appear, and at this writing he is still ill and confined to the house.

We have written "naught in malice, and will not extenuat ."

Gen. T. Morris Chester passed through here last Saturday *en route* to Wilmington, N. C. to attend the annual meeting of the Wilmington, Wrightsville and Onslow R. R., which was held last Monday. The same night the projector of the scheme, Mr. E. F. Martin, died.

If we may judge from a close reading of the report of the American Colonization Society, notwithstanding the glowing rhetoric of Dr. Tiffany, who delivered the annual address last Sunday night, and in spite of the Munchausen reports, we regret to say, of Bishop Turner, the Colonization Society is growing less and less a cause for alarm. The society has sent out to Liberia in its sixty-three years a total of 15,655, but in the eighteen years since the close of the war, or in two-sevenths of the period of its existence it has sent out only 3,657 emigrants. Had the number the last eighteen years been the average of the years before the war, the number since the war would have been 5,000; but had the number been in proportion to the increase of free people made by the act of Emancipation, the number would have been 50,000 instead of 3,657.

With the death of the old officers the society, unless it changes its policy from colonization to civilization, exploration and the promotion of commercial interests with which every Negro-American is in hearty accord, it will die a natural death.

Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only.

### BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD.

This popular musical monthly begins the new year with a most delightful number. The engraving are excellent, and are one of the leading features of the magazine. The miscellaneous matter is very entertaining and instructive, while the editorials, correspondence and news department are all up to the usual high standard which has made the WORLD so famous. The music consists of some beautiful vocal pieces, "Bonnie Dear" and "A Bird in the Hand," and a melodious new waltz and march. Now is the time to subscribe for this old and world famous monthly. Only $1.50 per year, or 15 cents per copy. Address S. Brainard's Sons, Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

On the banks of the "Blue Juniata" in Huntingdon County, stands the quiet little town of Alexandria. Years ago in and about the village lived a wild and evil man, the terror of the county, known as "Lewis, the robber. Many a night traveller lost his gold, and many a wagoner on the old Pittsburg and Philadelphia pike was bereft of his valuables. Recently two gentlemen went out hunting, on Short Mountain, a mile or two west of town. They shot a squirrel, which, wounded, ran into the trunk of a large oak. What was their surprise when groping into the hollow trunk for their game to discover an old Dutch oven full of Spanish doubloons, Mexican dollars, English sovereigns and other coins, all dated previous to the year 1820. Several packages of paper were found, which crumbled to dust as soon as touched. Their glittering wealth, which they divided between them, amounted to several thousand dollars. It is supposed that all this wealth was deposited in the tree by "Lewis, the robber."

### FROM NEBRASKA.

#### HOW BEST TO EMIGRATE.

*Mr. Editor*:—As I sincerely hope that many of our people will avail themselves of the privilege of settling upon vacant lands in the west, I shall endeavor to give a few plain directions to those who may desire to do so.

The relations of men to their fellow men, both domestically and socially, impose upon us certain obligations to discharge those duties to one another and to society in which our mutual rights and privileges should exist. There are a great many false reasoners among us, and in the midst of so much that is illogical, we shall be put to our wit's-end to determine which is the better course to take. But we must so determine, and if we shall be careful to follow the great underlying principles of Christianity, guided by a love for humanity and the rights of our race, we shall have a ruling principle that will lead us safely through all trouble.

The whites in the south have always been taught and lead by a false philosophy concerning themselves and the respect due to the Negro, and it is useless to expect any change. Certainly no colored man will think so little of himself and his family as to remain in low and unhealthy parts of the country to perform labor for the whites who "disdain labor," and try to make him believe that he is the only one that can labor down there and live.

But, as to where we may live and prosper the best, is a question which we must soon solve thoroughly and practically. Prudence would suggest that it would be better to seek a healthy climate and one where peace, law and respectability reigned, and where political murders would not occur; and where we could gain in intelligence and civility.

Let us turn now more directly to our subject—How to succeed on a small capital or on small means. First of all, let all who make up their minds to emigrate west, determine to succeed. And to succeed co-operation is the first thing to be effected; and which will strengthen and serve as a check to many sudden and foolish impulses, as it will cause much discussion, deliberation and the exercise of a great deal of common sense. Let no one feel provoked or impatient over former troubles, and determine to "go it blind," for nothing can be gained soon by such a course.

Beginning with the uplands of northern Arkansas and extending through Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, southern Dakota, and other states and territories west, the climate is very healthy, and the people, for the most part, civil, and the laws wholesome. We should determine before hand, by careful inquiry, to what state or territory we wish to go, and form colonies or large settlements.

A large company can emigrate and purchase railroad lands for about half of what it would cost single persons, or single families, and the fact is, single persons are by no means as desirable as families or large settlements. By emigrating in large crowds, cars can be gotten very cheap, and into which all valuables, such as bedding, bureaus, pianos, organs or articles of any kind, can be shipped very cheap, in case one cannot sell them to an advantage where they are.

A good and shrewd man or men employed as agents will do immense good. Wholesale goods and machinery can be shipped the same way in large lots for the colony with wide-awake agents. Windmills are indispensable in the far west, and one windmill could be made to answer four or five farmers—each having an interest in it. Thus, for a few years, one reaper would do the work of a half dozen families, and one mower could serve more than that number. Thorough-bred stock can be purchased by a number of men and shipped in the same way. In my next letter I shall speak of how to get land, from whom to get it, and how to build.

I. B. BURTON,
Crete, Neb.
Jan. 1, '84.

### Annapolis Announcements.

Rev. J. A. Holmes, of Asbury church held his fourth and last quarterly conference, Monday, January 14, Rev. Benjamin Brown, presiding elder, presided The reports make a commendable showing for the year, both financially and spiritually. The P. E. was to have preached on last Sunday, but being detained over Severn, Rev. Walker Stewart preached at 11 a. m., and Rev. John H. Brice at 7:30 p. m.

Mt. Moriah church, Rev. J. M. Cargill, pastor, preached in the morning from Romans xii, 2-v., subject: transfiguration of Christian character; at 7:30 p. m. from Mat. vi-x; subject: the coming of Christ's kingdom. The selection of music by the choir was very appropriate, especially the solo of Mrs. Sarah Hawkins.

The bean guessing for a $65.00 set of parlor furniture which took place on the 10th instant at M. Moriah church was won by Dr. Wm. Bishop, he making the nearest guess to the number of beans in the jar, which was 5957, the Doctor guessing 5959, within two of the actual number. The counting of the beans took place in the audience room of the church at half-past ten, p. m. A large assembly of ladies and gentlemen were present to witness the counting; when the time arrived the judges, Revs. J. A. Holmes, James Williams and Mr. F. H. Young, began operations. The fever of excitement ran very high. Chances sold rapidly until the judges had counted the last bean, when order was called by the pastor, and after consultation by the judges, judge Holmes made the report, 5957 Everybody consulted their tally sheets, the secretary's book was placed in the hands of the judges, and Dr. Wm. Bishop was found to have made the nearest guess. He was called forth, accompanied by his charming wife, Mrs. Annie Bishop, and was presented the furniture by judge Holmes, who remarked that he had fairly won the prize, but not without some labor in counting the beans. The Doctor smiled, and said, "I must acknowledge that I have counted beans for two days, and different beans at that; after which he returned his thanks, the audience adjourned and repaired to the basement of the church where ladies of the Golden Rule served them with refreshments.

The young men's Literary Association of this place, Rev. J. A. Holmes, president, will discuss the question, which is the more advantageous to a country, Coal or Gold; affirmative, Nicholas Jacobs, John W. Galloway and Wm. Pinkney; negative, Joseph Pinkney, Henry Robinson and J. A. Goodrich to take place at Union Tabernacle hall, where the ladies of Asbury M. E. church are holding a fair, which will continue for several weeks. There will be pumpkin seed guessing for a handsome prize, of which we will speak next week.

The Golden Link and Golden Rule associations join hands in continuing the fair in the basement of Mt. Moriah church for the next sixteen days. Joy go with them!

The Golden Rule circle, after two weeks' labor through bad weather, presented the trustees of Mt. Moriah church $100.00. A generous vote of thanks was extended, and Mr. C. T. Harris will appear before the association at their next meeting and present them.

Mrs. Sarah Landrick, who has been visiting this city, the guest of Mr. T. H. Young, left for home at Washington, D. C.

GARVER.

### THE SCHOOLS AGAIN.

At the last meeting of the School Board, prior to the holidays, a resolution was passed, leaving to the two superintendents the privilege of retaining the hour-recess at noon, or, of reducing it to a half-hour and closing school a half-hour earlier in the afternoon.

The children of the white schools have always had the hour recess, and have it still. The children of the colored schools had the half-hour recess until '82-3, then the change to the hour was made; last week when the schools re-assembled, the pupils and teachers were surprised by an order to return to the old rule, viz: the half-hour at noon.

This order was sent by the superintendent of the colored schools, who seems to have a *penchant* for antiquities and antiquated ideas. Kaga—old things are best—must be his motto; and he faithfully carries out the doctrine.

He does not agree with Tennyson, who says, "Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range. Let the great world spin forever down the ringing groove of change."

There is only one advantage in the half-hour recess; school closes a little earlier; an advantage not worth mentioning when compared with the gain in vigor (both physical and mental), when the half-hour is added to the noon recess.

I don't think our colored schools have the right "hang;" there is too much "straining at gnats and swallowing camels;" too much attention paid to minor details and not enough to the general advancement of the pupils. The whole machinery has narrowed down to text-books and per cts.

Our Rip Van Winkle needs to be awakened: although he has had his twenty years' sleep, he seems to want more; already his weapons are too rusty to enable him to be successful if forced to battle against one armed with more modern means of defense.

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," or "give an unmentionable gentleman "his due," and all will agree that our schools are not "too, too solid;" they will not bear close inspection, that is, generally: of course there are some schools conducted by thoroughly efficient ladies, who work hard to make the pupils entrusted to them as thorough as they are themselves, but they are "few and far between."

Some of them need to arrive at this conclusion: never try to teach what you do not understand; if you do, summon all your manly or womanly fortitude to the front, for you will certainly need it.

Now, it is an alarming, but withal a well-established fact, known by teachers, pupils and parents, that there are some teachers in our schools who are not the intellectual "lights" they should be, considering the high position they hold: for I consider it a very high, a very responsible position, that of a teacher. If these facts are known to the "powers that be"—and they do nothing to ameliorate the condition of the schools; or, if they, the persons trusted to seek, and to provide for the testing of the ability of persons appointed, do not know these facts patent to so many; a considerable amount of censure should be dealt to them in either case.

It is to the credit and advancement of any school-board, of any community, of any race, to have the instructors of their children well-informed women and men; the best informed to be obtained. When we see a teacher afraid to close her text-book during a recitation, one who holds her pupils strictly to the words of the book, regardless of their meaning,—we see a woman or man who has not a single idea of the fundamental principles of teaching, and we view a set of pupils who are drilled in words but likewise devoid of ideas, and who, if not blessed with remarkably strong constitutions, elastic brains, or parents sensible enough to take them from school, are liable to become physical wrecks, or hopeless idiots.

"Like teacher, like pupil," is true in many respects.

I have heard of several methods adopted, rather tried, for the purpose of arousing the pride of the teachers, one of which I think very good, namely; that of examining them yearly until both experience and per cent. of examination entitle them to be properly recognized as teachers who deserve the highest certificate granted by the authorities.

A step of this kind is really a good one—it arouses the ambition of the teacher, makes her "keep up" in her studies and the topics of the day, and is consequently beneficial both to herself and her pupils.

It is a wonder to me that the pupils are as far advanced as they are, considering the limited knowledge of some of their teachers.

Some of them do not read anything beyond the illustrated weeklies or Mrs. Southworth's novels; very rarely attend lectures of any kind; in fact, they do not seem to care about anything so "school keeps."

A new deal is certainly required, and should be demanded on this school question; parents and guardians are tired of being deceived as they have been by sending their children and wards to school, year after year, and finding that they have received just enough *schooling* to unfit them for any labor, physical or mental.

I sincerely hope something will be done to bring order out of this chaos. "Great bodies move slowly," it is said; if there is any ameliorating measure forming an undercurrent to the surface calmness of our schools, it is certainly a "great body."

But to return to the previous question; teachers and pupils cry out against the half-hour recess. They have had the advantage of judging of the benefits of both systems, and I think a large majority prefers the hour.

The hour gives them time to eat their luncheons; to look out points in the afternoon lessons; to give additional explanation to pupils not as bright as some others; in short, the benefit is certainly too great to be overlooked, and the return to the hour should be made immediately.

A GUARDIAN.

### Patent Flour.

Almost everybody knows of patent flour, but not every one understands what it is. Stripped of technicalities, this is about the story of its manufacture: The best flour used to be made of winter wheat. Spring wheat yielded either much less in quantity or else so much of the bran got into the flour in its manufacture that its color was intolerably dark. The wheat would be ground out and then bolted. In the refuse—the bran and middlings—would be included a large portion of the weight of the spring wheat, and this would sell more particularly for feed for horses. Now the best of flour, and the most expensive, is made of this very refuse of the old-fashioned process. It all came of the discovery of a way to draw out the bran. Under the the new process the wheat is ground about as before. The first result is an ordinary flour sold for exportation. Then the remainder is taken and put upon horizontal sieves, and while agitation is going on there an ingenious system of draft is rushing up through, and carries off the bran. What is left is the glutinous portion of the wheat, the most nutritions and most productive, and out of this, purified now by the drawing off of the bran, we get our new process flour. The result of the discovery of the process has been to make the poor spring wheat of Minnesota and upper Wisconsin the most valuable kind of grain.

### DON'T FIND FAULT.

In the first place, does it pay to be continually finding fault? It is a very easy matter to pick flaws in any piece of work, for no one's work is perfect. Fault-finding often becomes chronic and grows on a man just as an evil habit does, increasing day by day. There is nothing so disagreeable as to visit a home where fault-finding is continually going on; where, at the breakfast, dinner and tea table, no pleasant word is spoken, but instead each one finding fault with the others for some trifling error. I do not mean that errors should not be rebuked, but when the evening twilight is gathering, when the work of the day is is over, then kindly call the little ones around you and gently and solemnly tell them of their wrongs, and see if you are not much better repaid than if the little heads had drooped all day at the angry glances and frowns on your face. There are many things every day that annoy us, but don't make life sadder by finding fault. The world might seem much pleasanter at all times if we would forget to fret, frown and find fault.

Blanche Williams, of Philadelphia, who met with an accident at Fairmount Waterworks, by which one leg was broken, and rendered three inches shorter than the rest of her legs, has recovered $10,000 damages. It would seem to the student of nature, to be a pretty good price for three inches of ordinary leg, but some people will make such a fuss.

Pleasure is the mere accident of our being, and work its natural and most holy necessity.

# The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.



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LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton ..... H. G. Camper.
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## LOCAL.

—FOR RENT—810 M Street, Unfurnished back rooms, with or without board. jan19-2t.

—The salary of Rev. W. H. Brooks has been inbreased to $1,300 per annum. Well deserved!

—Rev. P. W. Cassey, of Newberne, N. C., preached at St. Lake's P. E. church last Sunday morning.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—T. J. Minton, Esq., will read before the Bethel Literary next Tuesday night, a paper entitled——

—Mr. Benjamin F. Coke, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Coke, died at his late residence in Baltimore last Monday night.

—Remember the concert by the Washington Harmonic Company at the 19th Street Baptist church, February 4th, for the benefit of the 19th Street Baptist and Union Bethel churches.

—The youth who could not be induced one year ago to attend the Literary was promptly on hand in spite of the weather Tuesday night of last week, and his countenance grew longer when he found out that there would be no meeting.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—One Cold after another will, with many constitutions, securely establish the seeds of Consumption in the system. If you are in need of a remedy for any Long Trouble, or Throat Disease, you will find Dr. Jayne's Expectorant always prompt and efficacious.

—We see by a dodger sent to us that Mr. Jos. King is running a minstrel show. Some of the "lights" of Callender's and and Haverley's minstrels are in the bill. Mr. King will no doubt be successful in this field of enterprise as he has been in all others in which he has earnestly engaged his talents. We wish him success.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—DIED—Amelia Guinn, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Guinn, on Monday night, the 6th inst., aged 5 months, and was buried on Wednesday, the 8th inst. The bereaved parents have sympathy of their many friends, and none more sincerely than THE ADVOCATE.

—Rev. and Mrs. William Waring have the sympathy of our entire public in the bereavement sustained by them in the loss of their youngest daughter, Bert. Death has dealt heavily with that family the last six years—a son, a daughter, a mother, a grandson, and last, but dearest of all, the litttle one that came to their circle when the first and heaviest shock was felt.

—The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the 15th Street Presbyterian church: J. H. Meriwether, superintendent; W. A. Stewart, asst. supt.; J. W. Ewing, chaplain; J. B. Hyman, librarian; Miss. M. B. Syphax, asst.; Mr. E. J. Waring, asst.; Mr. Wilson, treasurer; Mr. F. T. Hyman, secretary; Miss Amelia L. Tilghman, chorister: Mr. James Butler, asst.; Mr. B. D. Fleet, organist.

—The Fern Leaf Social Club gave reception at the armory of the Washington Cadet Corps. The affair was one of the most fashionable; the gentlemen presenting themselves in full conventionals and the ladies in the latest styles. The general appearance of the gathering was magnificent, where beauty and fashion vied with each other. Some of those present were, Misses F. L. Brown, Payne, Fannie Carter, Emma McCall, Mattie Williams (and of course Mr. Dodson), Miss Prater, and many gentlemen.

—A green one, who had crossed the Atlantic, told a story of a storm, when the rain poured down in such torrents that the ocean rose six inches. "There's no mistake," said he; "besides, the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel."

### Among the Churches.

GALBRAITH CHAPEL.

The principal event at this church last Sunday was the jug breaking in the afternoon by the pupils of the Sunday school. The church was packed. Speeches and singing by the school alternated. The main address was made by Frederick Douglass jr., and short speeches by Rev. W. H. Scott, Philip W. Shippen, E. Molyneux Hewlett and J. W. Cromwell. Miss Mary Lemmon as organist and Miss Emma Grisley, both deserve special mention for the singing, which was under their conduct. Miss Lemmons has an excellent voice, which she has used skilfully; both in soprano and alto parts.

The jug breaking and the counting of the money was under the superintendence of three of the speakers.

The amount taken from the jugs was $23.94, the amount of the general collection, $3.74, making a total of $27.68.

Prizes were awarded to the scholars in the following order:

"Pilgrims Progress," little Miss Sarah Garrison, who collected $1.85; "Life of Abraham Lincoln," to Miss Martha Jackson, who collected $1.75; "Bible Stories," to Robert Ellsworth, whose jug contained $1.58; "Giant Cities," to Hattie Brown, who brought $1.10; "The Boy Makes The Man," to Sophia Magruder, who gave $1.04; "Small Things," to Lucinda Addison, whose jug realized the same amount $1.04; and the "Story of the Gospel," to Nannie Bond, whose contribution was $1.03. Those contributing the smallest amounts were remembered by the presentation of cards.

Rev. Mulligan has certainly awaked Galbraith out of her lethargy, and put it on the road to success.

BETHEL LITERARY

Some of the superior advantages which the north has offered to the colored people, does offer and ever will offer over the south, was the topic of Mr. W. R. Davis' paper last Tuesday night. Mr. Davis' argument was based upon the fact that, at the south on account of the political proscription, that has and does now prevail at the south, no colored man has that full and free opportunity indispensable to his full development. On the other hand, the north with its regard for law and order, its free school system, its freedom from proscription on account of race and color furnishes more examples of individual superiority than can be found in the south. Mr. Davis read his paper with considerable dramatic effect, and his language was ornate to a fault. The discussion was participated in by Rev. Dunjee, Messrs. Pulles, Harris, Cromwell and Nance.

### A Brilliant Reception.

A very brilliant reception was given by Mrs. Alexander Marshall at her residence, to Mrs. R. R. Colbert and Mrs. Russell N. Boyd, two of our most recent and lovely brides. The affair was in every respect highly entertaining. Beauty and fashion, intellect, wit and humor contended hard for the first place, but wound up in a general compromise. Those present were Mrs. Walter Jackson, Mrs. Bundy, of New York, Mrs. Geo. Cook, Miss Amelia Ringgold, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Johnson, Mr. W. Washington, Mr. F. M. Hamlin, Mr. C. A. Lemar, of the ADVOCATE, and many others.

West Washington Notes

Mrs. Susan Johnson, who has been spending the holidays with Miss E. R. Brown, left Tuesday morning for Ansonia, Conn., after a visit of three weeks. Mrs. Johnson was tendered a reception Monday eve., and her many friends spent quite a pleasant time.

There is a revival meeting going on at Z. U. A. M. E. Mission on P-street, which promises great harvest for that congregation. The house is crowded every night with anxious souls.

Ebenezer church has elected the following trustees for 1884: C. Crusor, William Brown, John Tilghman, F. Harris and William Furguson.

Mrs. John Lee, Mrs. Maggie Ferguson and Mrs Hamilton are quite sick. THE ADVOCATE and many friends extend their sympathy and best wishes for their speedy convalescence.

G. A. R.

A CAMP FIRE AT MORTON POST.

Mr. EDITOR:—Let me give your many readers a peep into O. P. Morton Post of the G. A. R., during a Camp Fire. Morton Post was organized July 21st, 1879, and has steadily increased in membership and all that means success until at the quarter ending December 31, 1883, she reports 146 members in good and regular standing, and $348.51 in treasury. Among her membership are numbered some of the best citizens of the district. The following named are the post commanders, officers for the present year, and representatives to encampment.

Post Commanders: Robert Boulden, Wesley Howard, George D. Graham; Officers of Post: Commander, James W. Butcher; S. V. C., Charles B. Fischer; J. V. C., William H. Liverpool; Adjutant, Charles H. Shorter; Quartermaster, Thomas Nero Crawford; Surgeon, Edward Bright; Chaplain, Henry C Saunders; O. D., Benjamin Young; O. G., David Chase; Sergt. Maj., Isaac S. Hawkins; Q. M. Sergt., Douglass Syphax: Representatives: Lewis A. Cornish, Daniel W. Atwood, William H. Smith, John A. Scott, Rev. Robert Johnson, William S. Gordon; Alternates: John P. Rawls, Sydney W. Herbert, William H. Robinson, D. Syphax and A. Clayton. But now for the camp fire.

Wednesday evening, January 9th, the regular meeting of the Post was called to order and opened in proper form by the Commander, George D. Graham. Soon after the mustering officer appeared and the officers whose names are given above were installed into their several positions. A look around the hall will convince you that extra preparations have been made; the beautiful large flag is unfurled in the rear of the commander's chair, the room all around is tastefully decorated; in the centre is a stand with a box containing pipes for the comrades who smoke, and boxes of tobacco with which to fill them; at the side, to the right, is a long table covered, but a peep beneath reveals the fact that some one has been busy preparing for the inner man, for there are ham and beef sandwiches, cheese, hard tack and tin cups piled up to be used for drinkables; in a corner quietly guarded by a faithful sentinel, is the keg of beer. Yes, the Post had appointed comrades C. H. Shorter, J. W. Butcher, D. Syphax, Edward Brooks and Isaac Hamilton to prepare all things.

The installation through, and the mustering officer, after regretfully declining to remain and take a smoke, retired, and a motion is agreed to, that the further regular order of business be dispensed with, and that the camp fire begin. Commander James W. Butcher, in a short and most appropriate address, thanked the Post for the honor conferred on him, and spoke of what the needs of the Post were, and his purpose to do all in his power to make its future a success, and at the conclusion of the address, which received the hearty applause of comrades, introduced comrade Charles H. Shorter, chairman of court on camp fire, who, taking the chair, said while they were waiting for hot coffee, speeches would be in order and introduced Comrade D. O'Connor, commander, and afterwards commander-elect George Holmes, of John A. Rawlins Post, whose speeches were heartily received by all present. Comrade A. B. Hurlburt, Past Dept. Commander of Virginia and comrade George D. Graham, all responding in short, well-timed remarks. At this juncture the committee announced their readiness to supply the wants of the hungry and thirsty, and in the most orderly manner all adjourned to the table which uncovered revealed its hidden treasures, and the hot coffee (prepared by the widow of a comrade), and the committee soon had supplied the needs of all.

There is no sight more charming to the eye than those jolly comrades, living over the camp fire; really comrades, for in that room meet, he who had worn the leaf and he who had carried the musket. There is certainly no other institution in this country where there is found so much of true democracy as is found in the Grand Army of the Republic. All are served; the chairman gives way to the commander who calls to order and soon silence reigns supreme; but, oh, my, the smoke is thick enough to be cut with a knife, a comrade remarks. A song by comrade R. Edmundson, Sherman marching through Georgia, the chorus by all, and comrade D. W. Atwood is introduced, who congratulates the Post on its present condition, and assures them that he is to be seen oftener among them. Comrade Robert Wilkinson gave a song by request; comrade Robert Johnson spoke touching a subject that elicited the rapt attention of all—the condition of the race in the south and the treatment they receive, which was handled in a masterly manner. Comrade Cutler spoke of the joy it gave him to meet with loyal men. After remarks by comrades D. Syphax S. W. Herbert and the song "America," the camp fire was closed, and all retired sincerely well pleased with the entertainment.

OCCASIONAL.

INTELLIGENT MINISTERS.

That is a trite old orphorism which its religion." But is also true that a nation very frequently falls far below it. In this country Christianity is the popular religion—a religion purer in morals, nobler in spiritual conception than any other known, and quite as practicable and far more intelligent. It has been the light which has guided benighted millions into the grooves of the highest civilization, and it is that by which it is hoped the whole world may become elevated to the plane of the noblest manhood and womanhood. But the ends of Christianity are not unfrequently thwarted when its principles are reduced to practice. Ignorance and superstition are permitted to creep into religious belief and religious ceremony, thereby unsettling the foundations of morality and reducing religion to hollow mockery. The ignorance and disrespect for true Christian principles is due to the failure on the part of those, whose duty it is to preach, to impart to those desirous to know of the beauties of Christian doctrine, which constitutes Christianity. And there is no class of Americans to which this more strictly applies than to our colored ministers. With a tenacity peculiar to churchmen, (examples of which we find all through the religious history of the world,) our more ignorant ministers have held the fort and are now holding it to the demoralization of society and the disgust of intelligent men. These ignorant men presume to regard themselves as thoroughly competent to expound the scriptures to the satisfaction of the people, when, in fact, they are instrumental in grinding out hypocrites and propagating infidels and skeptics every day. And it will not require much argument to show this, if we will take the trouble to look about us and see the hundreds and thousands of young intelligent men and women who, rather than sit and listen to such religious jargon as we frequently hear in our colored churches, will remain at home, the effect of which is to ignore religious worship and the cultivation of a morbid dislike for ministers and churches. If our ministers were as a class intelligent; if those who are now ignorant would strive to be entertaining and to keep pace with the demands of the age; if there were less shouting and pounding, the minister would be a more effective educator, the church a more accepable place of resort for our young men and women, and the tone of colored society would be more elevated. Many of our churches are attended by the whites just because of the fact that such churches resemble, as nearly as possible a minstrel-show, which, while it is amusing, has no moral effect, certainly no religious, and manifestly increases the the prejudices and disrespect of the whites towards us. There are a few intelligent, I may say able and eloquent pulpit orators among us, and they are listened to with great pleasure and profit; but the proportion is so small as compared with the bulk of the colored ministry that they are regarded as somewhat out of place. The fact is, they are vanguard of the new school. The demand is for dozens like them, whose duty and power it will be to bring around them a class of people who are to-day actually famishing for want of proper religious instructions. Let us encourage intelligent ministers. Let us demand that those who are now ignorant shall bring themselves up to the proper standard, by close application to the study of the best means of imparting religious truths. The young men and women of to-day are fast drifting from Christianity far into the realms of skepticism. Let the ministers by their work, and, by intelligent administration, wipe out the barbaric traces of religious worship and institute a worship more in harmony with the finer sensibilities of the soul, and more acceptable to intelligent people.

### Standard Advice.

If you would keep your rosy complexion wear thick-soled shoes.

If you would enjoy quiet content, drop all airs and pretenses.

If you would have others respect your opinions, hold fast and never disown them yourself.

If you would have good health, go out in the sunshine. Sickness is worse than freckles.

If you would respect yourself, keep your heart and body clean.

If you would retain the love of friends, do not be selfishly exacting.

If you would gain the confidence of business men, do not try to support the style of your employer.

If you would never be told a lie, do not ask personal questions.

If you would sleep well and have a good appetite, attend to your business.

If you would have the respect of mankind, never permit yourself to indulge in vulgar conversation.

This short prayer from an Italian may find responsive minds in any clime: "I pray that I may never be married. But if I marry, I pray that I may not be decieved. But if I am deceived, I pray that I may not know of it. But if I know it I pray that I may be able to laugh at the whole affair."

"Stolen fruits may be the sweetest," but when the small boy finds himself up an apple tree with a big dog at the foot, and he discovers that the apples are sour, you can't patch up his wounded feelings with


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Rev. Walter H. Brook, Rev. R. S. Laws, D. D.; Rev. Wm. H. Lee,
Rev. Jesse Cowles, Rev. J. H. Valentine, Rev. Madison H. Gaskins,
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Some dese days gwine hit him;
Ing'soll sing anudder song
When de debbil git him!
Debbil watch fo' sich as him—
Ketch him in his collar;
Choke him black an' hit him "bim;"
Butt him till him holler!
Debbil stan' up kimbo straight,
Laugh at Ing'soll prancin';
Stan' him on a red hot plate—
'hile Bob's a dancin'!

### The Fortunes of War.

REMARKABLE ECCENTRICITIES OF BULLETS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

At the battle of Peach Orchard, when McClellan was making his change of base, a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot stone dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment changed position. The ball which hit him, first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and struck a button off his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man just over the heart, and was stopped there by a song book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three-quarters of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue spot disappeared.

At Pittsburg Landing, a member of the Twelfth Michigan Infantry stooped to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in this act, a bullet aimed at his breast struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open, and dropped to the ground in halves.

At the second battle of Bull Run, a New York Infantryman was passing his plug of tobacco to a comrade, a bullet struck the plug, glanced off and buried itself in a knapsack. The tobacco was rolled up like a ball of shavings, and carried a hundred feet away. Directly in the line of the bullet was the head of a Lieutenant, and had not the bullet been deflected, he would certainly have received it. As it was he had both eyes filled with tobacco dust, and had to be led to the rear.

At Brandy Station, one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup-strap cut away by a grape-shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering his skin as if a red-hot iron had been used. He dismounted to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and as he bent over, a bullet knocked his hat off and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with a tooth-ache. In a hand-to-hand fight he received a pistol ball in the right cheek. It knocked out his aching double-tooth, and passed out the left hand corner of his mouth, taking along a part of an upper tooth. The joy of being rid of the tooth-ache was so great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed.

An object, however trifling, will turn the bullet from its true course. This was shown one day at the remount camp in Pleasant Valley. They had a "bull-pen" there, in which about 500 bounty jumpers and other hard cases were under guard. Once in a while one of these men would make a break for liberty. Every sentinel in position would open fire, and it did not matter in the least if the man ran toward the crowded camp. On this occasion the prisoner made for the camp, and as many as six shots were fired at him without effect. One of the bullets entered the tent of a captain in the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry. He was lying down, and the course of the bullet would have buried it in his chest. Fortunately for him, a candle by which he was reading sat on a stand between him and where the bullet entered. This was struck and cut square in two, and the lighted end dropped to the floor without being snuffed out. The ball was deflected, and burried in the pillow under the officer's head, passed out of that and through his tent, into the one behind it, passed between two men and brought up against a camp kettle.

There is in Detroit, Mich., a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes, at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered his left arm; the second gave him a scalp wound; the third hit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear, the first two men who took him were killed. While his wounds were being dressed, an exploded shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear, a runaway ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet he is seemingly hale and hearty, and walks without a limp.

### House Plants.

The question so often raised as to whether it is healthy to keep plants in our living rooms and sleeping rooms is answered by Dr. J. M. Anders in the Philadelphia *Medical Times*. Experiments made by him show the value of plants as natural and perfect "atomizers." The average rate of transpiration for plants having thin, soft leaves—like geraniums and lantanas—is found to be an ounce and a half of watery vapor per square foot of leaf surface for twelve diurnal hours of clear weather. At this rate a great tree like the Washington Elm, at Cambridge, which has been estimated to have two hundred thousand square feet of surface, would exhale seven and three-quarters tons of water in twelve hours. The rate of transpiration for a house plant is at least fifty per cent. more rapid than for one in the open air; and it is evident that a number of such plants must have a material influence on the humidity of the air in which they are kept. Experiments made by means of the hygrometer show conclusively that house plants may prop- [illegible] plants to produce an amount of the gas equivalent to that exhaled by one baby sleeper. A practical application of the data gained by experiment is given in the carefully-prepared formula: Given a room twenty feet long, twenty feet wide, and ceiling twenty feet high, warmed by dry air, a dozen thrifty plants, with soft, thin leaves and a leaf surface of six feet square each, would, if well watered and so situated to to receive the direct rays of the sun (preferably the morning sun) for at least several hours, raise the proportion of aqueous vapor to about the health standard. It is evident, then, that every house mother can keep the air of winter rooms moist by having thrifty plants in them, and there is every reason to believe that the lives of many persons who die from pulmonary complaints might be preserved by this agency at once so agreeable and so salutary. In many instances consuptive tendencies have apparently been counteracted by working among plants.

"Great gracious" she ejaculated, as he hurriedly disrobed and tubled into bed. "What have you been drinking or eating? What is the matter of your breath?" "Liquorish," he responded, and then he winked at himself in the dark and breathed thin till she got to sleep.

### Peckings from Peck's "Sun."

lightning rod peddler was struck by lightning in Indiana, while seated on his wagon, during a thunder storm, talking through the window of a farmer's residence trying to induce the farmer to let him rod the barn. It was the largest funeral ever seen in Indiana. People went miles to see the deceased. They couldn't believe it until they saw it with their own eyes.

Some men at Louisville were betting on the weight of a large mule, when one man who was a good judge of the weight of live stock, got behind the mule and was measuring his hind quarters, when something appeared to loosen up behind the mule. Just before the expert died, from the kick in among his ribs he gave it as his opinion that if the mule was as heavy all over as he was behind, he weighed not far from 47,000 pounds and a trifle over.

In a libel suit against a Louisville paper the plaintiff was awarded one cent damages. To show how popular some papers are, it is stated that a number of influential capitalists immediately stepped forward and offered to loan the editor the money to pay the damages, without any security more than a chattel mortgage on the press and material.

There is a moment in the life of every married man, however humble or however exalted, when he feels the humiliation of his position, and blushes at what is expected of him. A moment when he feels as though he would prefer to transact the business before him through an agent. A time when his soul would fain throw off its fetters, and he feels it to be a moral impossibility for him to go through the task assigned to him; when he feels that he had almost rather die, if he were satisfied that he were good enough. That time is when he has to go into a store and inquire of the gentlemanly clerk if he has got any fine tooth combs. He looks around carefully to see that no one is listening, and asks for the harrowing instrument of torture, but is careful to tell the clerk that it is dandruff that is the matter.

### Marrying for Love.

The man who marries for love has generally the vital temperament—is combative, sagacious, and independent, and takes a general view of everything. A life of indolence and stagnation has no charms for one whose blood is warm and whose hopes are high; he likes to be in the thickest of the fight, giving blows and taking them; watching for the turn of events with coolness and foresight; pleased at his own independence and struggles; eager to show the world what he can achieve; and the contest rouses all the strength and manliness of his nature. He wins the respect of his fellows by his own worth. He often brings home pleasant surprises for his wife and children. You may recognize him in trains loaded with parcels, which he good-naturedly carries with perfect unconcern of what others think—a new bonnet, music, books, a set of furs for his wife; while in another parcel the wheels of a cart, a jack-in-the-box, a doll, or skipping-rope intrude through the paper and suggest the nursery. He never forgets the dear ones at home; the humanizing influence of that darling red-cheeked little fellow who calls him father brings a glow of rapture of the purest pleasure earth holds; for the man who has never felt a tiny hand clasp his will always lack something—he will be less human, less blessed than others. This is the noble, the honest, the only form of life that imparts real contentment and joy, that will make a death-bed glorious, and love see peace through its tears. It is so purely unselfish, so tenderly true, it satisfies the highest instincts, it stimulates men to the best deeds they are capable of. By studying how to live we best know how to die; and the finest life is that which ministers to others' needs and increases the joys of those dependent on us, whom we love, and who look to us for support, solace, and light, even as the earth is revivified by the sun; for feeling is life, the pulsation of delicious sympathy, the spring in a desert, the manna from the skies.

### Night in the Moon.

At last, however, night sets in. Grateful it comes after the sun has gathered up his smiling rays and gone down to his rest. All at once we are plunging into comparative obscurity; for again there is no twilight to stay the steps of departing day. At one stride comes the dark. But, looking up into the sky, we behold a vast orb which pours down a milder and more beneficent splendor than the great lord of the system. It hangs in the firmament, without apparent change of place as if "fixed in its everlasting seat." But not without a change of surface. For this globe is a painted panorama, and, turning around majestically on its axis, presents its oceans and continents in grand succession. As Europe and Africa, locking the Mediterranean in their embrace, roll away to the right, the stormy surface of the Atlantic offers its waters to view, then the two Americas, with their huge forests and vast prairies, pass under inspection. Then the great basin of the Pacific, lit up with island fires, meets the gazer's eye, and as this glides over the scene the eastern rim of Asia, the upper portion of Australia, sail into sight. The Indian Ocean, and afterwards the Arabian Sea, spread themselves out in their subdued splendor, and thus in four and twenty [illegible] repeating, to the best of its ability, the story of its birth. Nor is the sky less marvelous in another respect, for the absence of any atmospheric diffusion of light permits the constellation to shine out with a distinctness which is never paralleled on earth. They glitter like diamond points set in a firmament of ebony. Stars and clusters which we never see by the naked eye flock into view and crowd the lunar heavens.

—The first thing is to make your sermon plain. Mr. Blomfield preached on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart 'There is no God.'" Wishing to find out how it pleased his people, he called a poor, foolish man to the pulpit and asked him how he liked the sermon. The reply which made Blomfield a sadder and a wiser man was: "Well, sir, I must say I can't agree with you. In spite of all you've said, I think there must be a God."

Talk about female curiosity—it's all one-sided. Let one man stop on the street to spell out a sign on the top of a high building, and every other mother's son that goes by will stand and stare for ten minutes trying to make out what the first idiot is looking at.

### Coincidences in Inventions.

Coincidences in invention and discovery are the rule rather than the exception. When any notable advance is made in the knowledge of the laws of Nature or in applying that knowledge, old or new, to the service of man, it is hardly ever one person alone who makes the discovery or the application. Almost always more than one claimant appears, and frequently several make good their claims to the honor of having pursued independently and to valuable results the same line of thought or experiment that has made one of their number famous by associating his name permanently with the great invention or discovery. Le Verrier and Adams almost simultaneously reasoned out the existence of the planet Neptune, and directed astronomical observers how to point their telescopes in order to find it. Prof. Morse's title to distinction as the inventor of the magnetic telegraph was stubbornly contested by men who had labored with the same idea before it occurred to him. Half a dozen others had toiled upon the problem of steam navigation before Fulton solved it. Morton, Jackson and Wells were experimenting with anæsthetics at the same time, and the merit of the discovery is still claimed for each of them. Bell and Gray invented their respective telephones almost at the same time. Edison and Hughes dispute each other's claim to priority in the invention of the microphone. In some of these cases probably one claimant has knowingly or unconsciously borrowed something from his rival; but those where two or more persons have pursued independently substantially the same line of research and experiment, tending to the same result, are very numerous. Miss Hosmer's discovery and improvement of it in her magnetic engine is an instance in point. Already two persons in New York and one in Boston appear to assert their claims to an invention based upon the same or a similar principle to that which Miss Hosmer is said to have discovered.

KILLING LARGE WEEDS.—Some weeds may be effectually exterminated by cutting off the stalks close to the ground with a scythe. The proper time to do this work is soon after they have attained their growth, but before the seeds have matured. The branches of some weeds are so close to the ground that they can only be severed from the roots by the use of a hoe, which should be very sharp in order to do the work well and with any considerable degree of ease. Weeds should be cut quite early in the season, in order to prevent the ripening of the seeds that would give trouble another year, if not the same season they grow. The seeds of some weeds are entirely ripe while the petals of the blossoms are still fresh. The appearance of the plant affords no indication of the maturity of the seed, as in the case with grain. It requires considerable pains to destroy some large weeds, as burdocks, mulleins and Canada thistles. The stalks must be cut several inches below the surface of the ground or they will throw up suckers in the same manner as trees and bushes. A sharp spade or a narrow steel blade fixed to a handle is the best implement to use for the purpose. After the stalk is cut and removed, it is well to drop a handful of salt on the stump that remains in the earth. A drop of sulphuric acid, applied with the end of a stick, is effectual in destroying the life of the roots of weeds. Strong lye, Paris green or London purple may also be employed for the same purpose with most excellent results. It is always best to make sure work with large and troublesome weeds.

THE WAY IN WHICH PANAMA HATS ARE MADE.—"Jipijapa," the material from which the well-known Guayaquil or Panama hat is made, is the unexpanded leaf of a plant of the palm species which abounds on the isthmus of Panama and in many places on the coast of New Grenada and Ecuador, its southern limit being Salango. This palm is a terrestrial plant, preferring shady places and growing about fourteen feet high. For purposes of plaiting the leaves are plucked before they unroll, and the ribs and coarse veins are taken out, and the heart is shreaded lengthwise, so as to preserve as much as posible the continuousness of the fiber. They are exposed to the sun for a day, then tied in a knot and boiled until they become white. Then after a process of drying and bleaching, the paja is ready for use. The hats are plaited in a single piece, commencing at the crown. They are made over a block, which is held on the knees. An ordinary coarse hat may be made in three or four days, but there are finer ones which require several months to plait them, and these hats often fetch as high as $100 to $150 apiece. They are beautiful specimens of handicraft, light and easy to wear, lasting forever, and so flexible that they can be folded up and carried waistcoat pocket.

Dennis Hanks and Abe Lincoln were friends in the rail splitting business. Abe climbed to the top of the ladder, while Dennis stayed on the ground and saw him go up. Then they lost sight of each other for some time, but they did not forget that they were friends. And so in 1864, during the riot at Charleston, Illinois, Mr. Hanks was selected to go to Washington on business. While on his way there he was robbed of his money at Crestline, Ohio, but having his through ticket, which the pickpocket did not get, he was enabled to get through. He went up to the White House and informed the usher that he wished to see Mr. Lincoln; but he was informed that he could not see him, as that was not the [illegible] time. "Tell him Dennis Hanks wants to see him. Show me the door to his room," said Mr. Hanks, as he walked past the usher. This was done, and as Dennis walked into the room he exclaimed, "How are you, Abe?" The President left his desk, and, walking toward him, exclaimed: "Why, Dennis, what in the world brought you here?" and he threw his arms around the old man and embraced him. He soon made known his errand, secured what he wanted, and started for home the next day.

The following problem is given to some new beginner in arithmetic to solve: The English language has one "t" and four substitutes for it, namely, et as in "ete-isiphon," pt as in "ptisan," phth as in "phtisic," th as in "Thomas." It also has "a" and ten substitutes for "a" namely, ai as in "vain," ay in "ray," eigh as in "eight," eig as in "reign," ey as in "they," aig as in "campaign," ea as in "break," au as in "gauge," ao as in "goal," aigh as in "laight." Combining the above how many ways are there of spelling the word "tailor?" and then, writing the second syllable with lar, ler, lir, lor, lur, lyr, larr, lerr, lirr, lorr, lurr, lyrr, llarr, llerr, llirr, llorr, llurr, llyrr, lour, leur, laer, lleur, llaer, how many different ways are there of spelling the whole word "tailor??"

### Life in the Polar Regions.

It is impossible to form an idea of a tempest in the polar seas. The icebergs are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. The huge crystal mountains dash against each other, backward and forward, bursting with a roar like thunder, and returning to the charge until losing their equilibrium they tumble over in a cloud of spray, upheaving the ice-fields, which fall afterward like the crack of a whip-lash on the boiling sea. The sea gulls fly away screaming, and often a black shining whale comes for an instant puffing to the surface. When the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks seem immersed in a wave of beautiful purple light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as is supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at thirty degrees above zero to 47 degrees below zero in the open air without inconvenience. A much higher degree of cold becomes, however, insufferable if there is wind. At 15 degrees below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once frozen by the wind, it falls in a fine powder. This phenomenon is called ice-smoke. At 40 degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke changes at once into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air and make a light, continuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up and the earth opens and vomits smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the beard. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice, which must be carefully removed before one can open them.

### Bathing Children.

Some mothers think, when their children get beyond two or three years of age, the frequent entire bath can be dispensed with. If some of the main facts of physiology were well known and understood, every one would perceive that cleanliness of the skin is one of the conditions of good health. It happens that when bathing is disregarded, either the lungs, kidneys or bowels have more than their own apportionment of work. If these are strong and healthy, they may bear the tax with little apparent injury, but, in most cases, a lowering of the vitality and tone of the system ensues.

Large bath tubs are pleasant and convenient, but not indispensible to the proper cleaning of the skin. A speedy sponging of the body in cold water, followed by friction in pure air, is all that is necessary.

When disinclined to use water, a thorough application of the flesh-brush to the whole person will be found an admirable substitute, especially on retiring; it relieves nervousness, equalizes the circulation, and induces quiet sleep.

Mothers, above all should see that their children are well bathed. If their skins are kept active and healthy there will not be half the danger from fevers, colds and eruptive diseases. If your little one is cross or troublesome, and finds no occupation that pleases him, try the effect of a bath; sometimes it is magical, and if tired he will go to sleep, and awaken bright, cheerful and happy. Do not, though, as some parents do, plunge a child in cold water when he screams and shrinks from it, thinking you are doing a good deed. Nature must be the guide; if your child has a nervous constitution, a shock of this kind is only exhausting and injurious.

### Scientific and Useful.

A moderately thick plate of brass may be cut chemically by drawing a line or mark on its surface with a solution of mercury in nitric acid. The acid attacks the copper and the mercury amalgamates with the zinc, but, as *The Iron* remarks, whether this is the true explanation of what occurs or not, the brass becomes as brittle as glass at the place where the line was drawn and may be broken off.

Although idleness is frequently fatal to persons of great mental or physical energy, some workmen still find their term of existence very short on account of the deadly nature of their employment. The average life of a Sheffield fork-grinder is only 29 years, and that of the dry-grinder of sickles is 28 years. For every 70,421 tons of coal dug up in Prussia the life of a miner is sacrificed; and in England there is one life lost for every 89,419 tons raised to the surface.

For preserving botanical preparations use a twenty per cent. concentrated solution by volume of alcohol, with one to two drops of an 8 per cent. solution of sulphurous acid, in the form of an acid calcium sulphite to every 200 c. c. of alcohol. This is suitable for green parts of plants that are easily bleached; but for roots which are brown, three to four times as much of the sulphuric acid is used. A five years' trial has proved the success of the solutions. Animal substances may probably be preserved in the same way.

### Premonitions of Autumn.

There was no other sound except the song of the cricket, which is but an audible stillness; for although it be very loud, and heard [illegible], yet the mind does not take note of it as a sound, so entirely does it mingle and lose its individuality among the characteristics of coming Autumn. Alas for the Summer! The grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys, the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers are abundant along the margin of the river, and on the hedge [illegible] as they were the days ago, and yet in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine there is an autumnal influence. I know not how to describe it. Methinks there is a sort of coolness amid all the heat, and a mildness in the brightest of the sunshine. A breeze cannot stir without thrilling me with the breath of Autumn, and I behold the pensive glory in the far golden gleams among the shadows of the trees. The flowers, even the brightest of them—the golden rods and the gorgeous cardinals—have their gentle sadness amid their pomp. Pensive Autumn is expressed in the glow of every one of them. I have felt this influence earlier in some years than in others. Sometimes Autumn may be perceived in the early days of July. There is no other feeling than that caused by this faint, doubtful, yet real perception, or rather prophecy, of this year's decay, so deliciously sweet and sad at the same time.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

—The following from an exchange hits the nail on the head: "Intelligence means thrift, honesty and rational enjoyment. Ignorance means vice, poverty, crime, wretchedness. Money spent in educating the people will save ten fold the expense in jails, almhouses, and criminal courts. It is the duty of every one to encourage education in every possible way."


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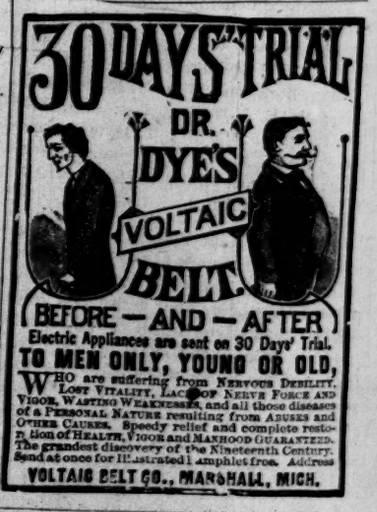
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